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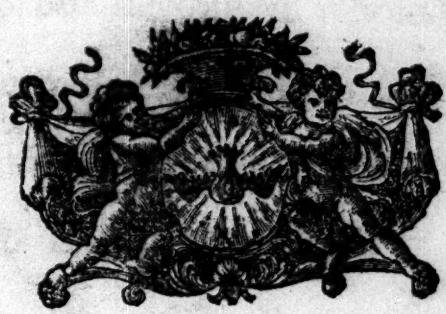
P O E M

*M^s Clerk
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M^s God*

Sacred to the Blessed and Glorious Memory of
Her late M A J E S T Y

QUEEN CAROLINE.

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L O N D O N :

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D R E A M

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of Her late Majesty

QUEEN CAROLINE



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T H E

D R E A M.

HOW vain is Grief, amidst the Poms of Woe,
 It wastes at Sight, and spends itself in Show;
 While the sincere, the truly-sorrow'ng Soul
 Parts with no Portion, but devours it whole.
 To Darknefs and to deep Recess it flies,
 And feasts, and gluts itself with Tears and Sighs;
 Till by their Weight its Faculties oppress,
 It droops, and sinks unwilling into Rest:
 Then Dreams, the only Comfort in Despair,
 Suspends with mimic Forms it's wakeful Care.

'TWAS thus with Me, as on my Bed I lay,
 Musing the Mourning of th' appointed Day.
 Are not these Sable Weeds, I inly cry'd,
 The Livery of Vanity and Pride?
 If they are Indexes of inward Pain,
 Let only Night in our Horizon reign;
 For what gave Day its greatest Shine before
 Is lost, and *CAROLINA* now no more.
 She's gone, and, ah! she cou'd not leave behind
 The Gifts and Graces of her Heav'nly Mind.
 To native Heav'n they're fled, and there have Place,
 Till mission'd to attend her Rising Race.

Who now will ease the Monarch's lab'ring Breast,
 With a whole World's revolving Cares oppress?
 Who now, with melting Love, will steal a Part,
 And ease insensibly his Royal Heart?

Who,

Who, when his other Climes his Sway demand,
 Will hold the Reins like Her, and rule the Land ?
 Like Her, who now will factious Rage disarm,
 By Majesty compel, by Beauty charm ;
 Awe by her Piety, by Love controul
 The Will, and fix an Empire in the Soul ?
 Is there, ah *Britains* ! in the Length of Days,
 A Good so great, as *CAROLINA* was ?
 Her have you lost, and shou'd as much be mov'd,
 As living you much honoured and lov'd.
 To her, next Heav'n, you Adoration paid ;
 For who suspected she was mortal made ?
 Who fear'd for her the Fate of *Eden's* Sin,
 So fair her Form without, so pure within ?
 Till Death, in Wrath, his doubled Pow'r display'd,
 And on her sacred Head his Iron Scepter laid ;
 We thought, too fondly as, alas, we find,
 Her beauteous Frame immortal as her Mind :

So much did both participate of Heav'n,
 To us, we cou'd not think her only giv'n;
 Ages and Worlds to bless she seem'd design'd,
 Too vast her Soul to be to Ours confin'd.
 Of Blessings so sufficient was her Store,
 We cou'd not doubt her being born for more.
 Our Love so much our Reason did abuse,
 We lost her e're we thought that we cou'd lose.
 In such Amazement, when his ghostly Sire
 Was rapt, *Elisba* saw the whirling Fire;
 Tho' conscious that the Prophet's rapid Flight
 Convey'd him living to the Realms of Light:
 Yet missing such a Master, such a Friend,
 In Sorrow he beheld the Seer ascend.
 Till his inspiring Mantle he receiv'd,
 Then joy'd for him, and for his Nation griev'd:
 Joy'd that the Prophet was on high enthron'd,
 And *Israel's* Loss in losing him bemoan'd.

His pious Vows impending Wrath restrain'd,
 And held the Thunder in th' Avenger's Hand.
 Nor can we doubt but the celestial Flame
 Of *CAROLINE*'s Devotion did the same.
 As often as she breath'd in Pray'rs, the Skies,
 Well-pleas'd, receiv'd the fragrant Sacrifice;
 Sweeter than spicy Incense, or the Fumes
 From Shrines that blaz'd with consecrated Gums.
 What else was *Britain*'s Hope, what other Pray'rs
 Cou'd Judgments, so deserv'd, avert but Her's?
 Guiltless Herself, she for our Guilt cou'd plead,
 And, with the Intercessor, intercede.
 For, who like her, can sue with steady Soul,
 Hopeful, or for himself, or for the whole?
 Who, from the common Weight of Sin, so free,
 As on the Wings of Pray'r to mount like she?
 This, *CAROLINA* only, this cou'd do,
 Hopeful, ye *Britons*, for herself and you.

SAY,

SAY, what Returns to Heav'n, and Her you made,
 Who daily felt the Good for which she pray'd?
 Was it in Zeal, and Holiness of Life,
 In Love, and Hatred of domestick Strife?
 Was it in Duty, and Obedience seen,
 And did you bless the Pow'r that bless'd the Queen?
 To you I speak, ye *Britons* but in Name,
 Who, void of Duty, Reason, Manners, Shame,
 Did, by blaspheming her, at length provoke
 Her God, in Ire, to strike the avenging Stroke.
 Were you not mutinous, perverse, ingrate?
 Self-conscious, self-condemned, you answer That.
 What then cou'd *CAROLINA*'s Flight delay,
 What tempt her kind, her righteous Soul to stay?
 When Angels waited from the King of Kings,
 To bear it to him on their radiant Wings?
 Anxious for *Britain*, she perhaps might lean
 To Life, but Heav'n was anxious for the Queen.

And

And took her from this dreary Vale of Care,
To be, amongst the Stars, the brightest Star.

THESE, and a thousand Thoughts, alternate, roll, I
Like short tempestuous Billows in my Soul :
Till Sleep, in great Distresses only kind,
To Dreams gave the Dominion of my Mind:
Before my Eyes the last great Image stood,
Not wholly cloath'd with Light, nor wholly Flesh and Blood.
As when, oh ! happy Day, th' Imperial Crown
Was plac'd on GEORGE's Head, and on her own.
Light from her Eyes with beamy Glories streams,
Dazzling as are the Sun's Meridian Beams :
But kindly, as the Rays that gilt the Flow'rs
In the first Man and Woman's Nuptial Bow'rs.
Prostrate I fell intranc'd with holy Fear,
And seem'd a more than Angel-Voice to hear.

BRITONS, to Sorrow give no longer vent,
 And not for me, but for yourselves, lament.
 My Lot—And here a Flush of Light express
 Her Change, and darting Glory spoke the rest—
 As soon as you were mine, to me you were
 As dear as Children, and as much my Care;
 But I, as fondling Mothers often prove,
 More forward made you by Excess of Love.
 Me now your Stubborn Wills, no more can grieve,
 For with the World, all worldly Cares we leave
 But there are those—And here amidst my Fears,
 I rose and saw her Starry Eyes in Tears.
 Thus thro' a Summer Cloud, but thinly spread,
 The Morning Rays their dewy Roses shed.
 Here ceasing, to the Skies the Royal Shade
 Return'd—And thus I dreamt she wou'd have said.

[III]

But there are those, who your Obedience claim,
 Whose Pow'r is greater, and whose Will the same,
 To make you happy, if yourselves will do
 What, to contribute tow'rds it, is in you.
 'Tis yours to serve, to honour, and obey,
 And smoothe by Love the Prince's rugged way.
 'Tis yours in all Things to maintain his Right,
 And make, in what you can, his Burthen Light.
 'Tis yours to banish Discord, and increase
 Your Weal by Labours, and by Arts of Peace:
 To cherish Union, and reform your Lives,
 As the WORD Precepts, and Examples gives.
 There you the Source of all your Evils see;
 And, Slaves to Sin, are but in Fancy free.
 While in this Bondage, you those Ills deplore,
 The more Heav'n blesses, you offend the more:
 With your own Hearts begin the mighty Task,
 And fit yourselves for asking, e're you ask.

With

With Heav'n, like *CAROLINA*, cou'd you plead,
 Like her's, your pure Petitions wou'd succeed.
 And tho' you can't recal her from the Skies,
 New Blessings, with her rising RACE, may rise.
 And angry Heav'n, appeas'd by pious Pray'r,
 Make up in Them, what we have lost in Her.

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